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Original Poetry.

GIVE ME THY SNOWY WINGS.

Written to a stranger, beautiful Bird that flew into my room.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY W. L. CONNEVEY.

Oh! I have no thy wings, snowy bird of the sky,
With a power to float and a pinion so high;
To repose world based from its person and fly
To a vision of the cool moon balmy and bright.

Away thou's a wanderer that journeyest west,
To an orb in the Universe twinkling afar,
Where no sorrow of any spirit does dolorize come,
For a lov'd one to fly to to beautiful star.

They may wait thee o'er mountain and valley and flood,
To a spicy green isle in the sunny blue sea;
But they wait not for thee in thy sunny wild wood,
Which love like the virgin is longing to see.

If, perchance, when their convent, those off-going be gone,
They at last will bloom over the dead but a day;
For the nightingale's song and the morrow's new sun
In joy will shine all thy convent to-day.

Oh! would that, like thee, in thy flight o'er the deep,
We should, prophet-like, tell when the tempest would come,
And, escaping its fury, our journey could keep,
Remain it, or cast it, and on to our home!

But give me thy snowy wings, bird of the sky!
My fairy friend's spirit exults to be free,
And the theme of the minstrel that went on sigh,
Is—Quickly, oh! weary one, come up to me.

Original Novelet.

CLARA MORELAND;

OR,

ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "Viola," "Prairie Flower," "Female Spy," "Kenalda Du Pont," etc., etc., etc.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CRAVEN POOR VISIBLE.

When I rolled myself in my blanket and laid down by the camp-fire that night, I felt exhausted in mind, as well as in body, from my unusual excitement. I was fatigued, but could not sleep, and for a long time I lay and watched the ruddy glows of the fire, as it flashed upon the overshadowing trees, and upon the dusky, and, upon the dark human forms stretched around me—my thoughts the while busy with the fond recollections which the events of the interview with Walter still and the Colonel, together with my subsequent quarrel with Harley and Walter, had excited in my breast.

Harley was lying near to me, and was already asleep—so sparingly were some of the riders—and even those on duty as sentinels, stood with their backs to the camp-fire, and were nodding, or be nodding. I glanced over to where the Colonel, with Clara carefully wrapped up beside him, was lying apart from the others; and I could detect no motion there to show that either was awake. From these observations, I finally reasoned myself to the conclusion that nothing would be attempted that night; and feeling greatly relieved, my nerves gradually grew calm and I grew drowsy.

At last the trees seemed to be nodding assent to a curious musical murmur in their tops, which was my strange fancy—and with a sing-song sound in my ear, I passed into a state of forgetfulness.

How long I slept soundly, I do not know; but at length I began to dream that I was in a field where we were children together, wandering hand in hand, and that Clara and I were plucking great straws of limpid water, whose gentle murmur came over our souls with a soothing effect. Every thing was calm and serene around us, and we were very happy in the companionship of each other. Then I thought I entered a wood, and looking up, I saw a huge panther springing from one of the trees. Clara uttered a fearful scream, and the next moment was struggling with the beast of prey, which had dragged her down, bearing her to the earth, and wounded her terribly. I was about to rush to her rescue and certain death, when I felt myself seized in the hug of a grizzly bear, and in terror awoke.

But I awoke, alas! to find not all a dream; for a tongue of Warncliff's ruffians were stooping over me, in the very act of binding my arms.

"Villain!" I shouted, struggling in vain to free myself—"what mean you?"

"Have a care, my lujus brother!" said one, tauntingly; "we don't allow strangers to call us names."

"But what is the meaning of this? why are you binding me?" I cried, hastily observing that he was not bound.

"Why, my daughter!" replied Warncliff, in a tone of mock sympathy, "I am informed that you have been guilty of a most unnatural crime, and I am about to punish you as you deserve."

"And who informed you of this?" I asked, struggling to free myself.

"Your own father, sir, who has more than once crossed my path, and who once *stood* me—as insult I would not forgive if I were dying—for which, and other reasons, I have a heavy score to settle with him. Virginia, who has known him long, will gladly pound for this hour of revenge, and not my prayer is granted."

"Villain!" I repeated, "I suppose, that the devil is both powerful and liberal," returned the Colonel.

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Foreign Letter.

REMINISCENCES OF ENGLAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Visit to Ireland—The State of her Agriculture—The Ghost's Causeway, and the Grand Encampment.

I have made the readers of the Post acquainted, with a part of my experiences in Great British, but have yet said nothing of my visit to Isle, Ireland. I went to Ireland to see the country, not to study the character of the people. One need not go there thousand miles from home to learn what the Irish character is. It must be admitted, however, the circumstances under which it developes itself on its native soil, are, to some extent different from those which it meets with in America. I spent only ten days in Ireland, and, of course, saw little of it. Therefore, it does not become me to speak dogmatically upon the appearance of the country. I can only speak of the impressions it left on my mind.

My first trip was to the Giant's Causeway, County Livergal nearly one afternoon, I landed at Belfast about five o'clock the next morning, after a very pleasant, moonlight voyage. I lost no time in sending my way Northward, though I thereby sacrificed the opportunity of seeing the mosses, most prosperous and healthy of Irish towns. I found on the Irish railroads, an experience quite different from that which I met in England. Though the rapidity of the ordinary trains in England is not very great, your course is wonderfully in contrast with that on the Irish roads, you are frequently subjected to the annoyance of going, crab-like, backward. More than once, in the forty miles between Belfast and Ballymenagh, our motion was reversed, for some quite unknown to me, and no lingered on the way in a manner quite provoking in any one who had a full day's work before him.

While the Irish railways, in point of regularity and speed, are quite inferior to the English, they surpass them, as to ease in opportunity for comparison, in their attention to the comforts of second class passengers. The cars for the second class are as large and airy as for the first-class, and differ from them, as far as I could see, only in the latter having the cushions covered with cheaper stuff and in the absence of arms, separating the passengers from each other. On the other hand, the accommodations for third-class passengers are not so good as in England. Uncovered cars are much more common, at least on the roads that I saw. Thus, taking the trains as a whole, they are inferior to a par with their English neighbors. The prices are generally lower than in Great Britain. A second-class passenger pays a penny more than the more for his passage than the third-class passenger in England.

In the sections of Ireland which I saw, the cultivation seemed quite inferior to that which I had just left on the other side of the channel. In neatness and cleanliness, none of the whole I saw seemed inferior to the State of Montgomery, Bucks and Chester counties. As we approached Belfast in the steamer, the shores of the Lough seemed beautiful, and well cultivated, and until I had left Belfast several miles in the distance, I saw nothing to contrast unfavorably with English farming. But afterwards, for fifty or sixty miles North, and as many on another route back to Belfast, the fields were carelessly tilled, and bore no evidence of the rich yield which I had expected to see in the potato fields, and in the grass, weeds, that with us are not deemed peculiarly valuable adjuncts to a crop, disputed with the intended crop for pre-eminence. I had pictured to myself a treelessness and luxuriance of vegetation, accordingly that which had fascinated my attention in England. Though I dared not hope to see the vine-wreathed, rose-clad cottage of England, I did expect to see a garden-like cultivation of the soil, an enexing demand on the part of the grain of corn, the last blade of grass, the last potato it would yield. I expected this in North Ireland at least, for there had I heard there was less poverty, less misery. As I looked at the desolateness of the Agriculture, I said to myself this certainly is not the best part of Ireland. Those bare moors, those bogs, not those hills seldom in sight, so as to forbid cultivation, almost to forbid communication, are not the garden spots of Erin. Among the Celtic population, doubtless you will find a better soil and a finer country. Afterwards, as I travelled from Belfast to Dublin, I found a region much better than the country within forty or fifty miles of the Causeway, but nowhere did it equal my expectations.

The potato might had just made its appearance, and great patches could be seen in almost every field, that spoke in melancholy tones of the prospect of a hard winter and long Winter. I was asked no question more frequently than whether the potato rot had shown itself where I had been. It seemed the question of primary importance.

The poverty of the country exhibits itself, otherwise than by the appearance of the fields. The dwellings of the common people show it in still stronger colors. As you approach the Causeway in either direction, you pass through wretched villages, in which the mud cabins look even more than next door neighbors. The inhabitants seem to have no pride in outward, satisfaction with their man-made condition. It is only seeming, for everywhere I found long complaints about the neglect of the country on of bad government, of oppressive taxation, of riotous disturbances. Among the many people with whom I talked, I found a willingness to work, if work could be had; even at the wonderfully low wages which are standard there. I had thought that the wages of labor were sufficiently reduced in England, but I found them from twenty to fifty per cent. lower in Ireland. The complaints were not confined to the working classes. From them to high, I did not meet with those who looked the matter and rue over with a cheerful face. Despair is to be heard. In Ireland all the blame is thrown upon bad government; in England it is thrown upon the Irish people. The English look at property against the Irish, similar in kind, though not so strong as that felt by the native Irish as a country against the colored people. About a year ago, they lent upon them to see the terrible people, incapable of bettering their condition. If you tell them of their sorrows in America, they tell you that their condition is a curious change, by the change is not real enough.

Notwithstanding the marks of poverty that I have described, there were few beggars that I met with in my journey up North of Dublin. I saw scarcely one, though one would be deemed sufficient evidence for that section of the country, but they passed by without soliciting charity.—About the Causeway will be found a considerable swarm of wretched people who want support. It is at a place like this, where they know that strangers come, with money in their pocket and not say to give, that they congregate.

But what about the Causeway? I was much disappointed with it. I have stood before Niagara, speechless, almost, with astonishment and awe and wonder; I have wandered delighted and amazed in the Mammoth Cave; have seen the Palisades, standing solemn and grand by the river at its base; and the mighty gates of the Delaware, through which it has been in my way to roll in peaceful majesty to the sea; but the Giant's Causeway was so disappointingly, though it is supposed by many of the first of them. It is not the grand headlands that arrest your attention, for you find others on the coast superior; it is not the caves, small but interesting, but it is the marvellous finish of these myriads of basaltic columns, that the appearance of this gigantic crystallization which has taken place long ages before man trod the earth.

You walk over acres of pillars, fitting the mosaic work; many of them so nearly as mathematical models. The whole is not calculated the same columnar appearance, though in some other than upon the ground. Where in the surface of the rock is exposed, you see approaches to the regular columns like formation. I do not think the Causeway a place where one need make a long stay; at any rate, it harmonized very well with no time that I could spare for that conclusion. It was five o'clock in the afternoon when I left my guide and landlord, and eleven miles miles between me and the next village in which I could spend the night. Belfast, which is the North Atlantic is unknown, nor occurs very late. I was kindly treated by a lonely, comfortable inn, in the coast village of Ballycastle. Revolutions of some sort occurring my night through the day; to say nothing of the double grenade which Thackeray gives of the best Irish hotels, made me glad that I should find but indifferent quarters in the smaller villages. My disappointment was a very agreeable one. If Thackeray will allow me to guide him, I will show him where he shall not rest his nose upon the dust of his washed out room and find the indistinct pause supplied by undigested lunch. Time is of no use to find fish in Ireland, but it is not fault or misfortune, not necessarily, to encounter very familiar with it.

The journey along the coast, from Ballycastle almost to Carrickfergus, for incidents and grandeur is not equalled or anything I have seen in the United Kingdom. There not several head lands more striking than those in the neighborhood of the Causeway. The last cliff of Fair Head, casting its perpendicular and ragged front to the North, greeted me in the early morning, and was my admiring gaze as I approached it, and many a lingering look behind as I left it in the North. Leaving it, you travel over a magnificent road across the mountains, almost as lonely as before the land was peopled. Many miles of the way no house met my eye, the only living things were a few diminutive cattle and sheep grazing upon the hills. That the land was inhabited was proved by the well worn, rocky road, upon which I walked, and the solitary road's clambering up the hills with an occasional way to so soon also to be impassible. For twelve or fifteen miles, my morning walk was over these famous hills, and high ground. As I approach the little village of Cushendun, the descent became rapid, and I came to the top, coming through a landscape as lovely as the fancy can paint. Below you lie the sheltering, whitewashed, red roofed cottages, the solemn sea beyond; while the slopes between is filled by a narrow valley, glistening in the sunshine, and rich with the labor of men's hands, a jewel amid common stones. When I first looked upon it, it seemed too beautiful to be real, and I scarcely know by eyes, as if about to vanish. A little stream rose through, crossed by a very few bridge, seemingly quite out of proportion to the task by the fill that runs below. From the central arch, North and South, you have a view of the richest land that I saw in Ireland, but it seemed not half so pretty as when it first unexpectedly broke upon me at a descended the mountain road. The land appears your course lies continually along the coast, the gigantic cliffs frowning upon you as you pass. In many places they have been blasted away to make room for the road. Very few houses are to be seen, and I found the way so lonely, that I longed for some of those congenial companions that I had so often met in my walks in England. There are, here and there, small villages, where little hales give horior for a few light craft. Suspicious looking, fast craft, apparently salient, some, evidently, out on, suggest many a hair breadth escape and the coming. Gruf looking men, rough as the rocks that look out upon the sea, may serve to fill up the lake the scenery but they are not pleasant.

As I approached Glenarm, I saw a monument that I could not make out. Coming to it, I found a granite, erected by the Countess of Londonderry, who is connected with the county of Antrim by blood and marriage, as a token of gratitude to England, for her sustained benevolence, during the famine of 1847. The position is very appropriate, ever standing with its words of gratitude facing the land for which they are intended. How far they are deserved, I will not take upon myself to say.

During the journey, I had frequent opportunities to notice the difference between Irish and English curiosity in reference to America. In England the knowledge that I was an American, almost invariably gave rise to an expression of surprise, followed by a series of questions. In Ireland it was not so. I was disposed to attribute its absence to a better acquaintance with us by letters and intercourse with those who had removed; but in some cases I found no such cause for ignorance, and there is such a current as America, that I am hardly willing to accept the former as a sufficient explanation. I found the same facial, free-hearted, genial spirit here as with among the people, that I have seen so frequently in America, in contrast with the English

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PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1853.

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Congressional.

SENATE.

On the 7th, the bill extending pre-emption rights in favor of actual settlers not surveyed, in a variety of cases, was taken up and passed, after debate.

Mr. Cass offered a resolution, calling for a statement of the number of persons employed in the Navy Yards in a good condition of efficiency, the amount and money required to fabricate, transport and mount the necessary ordnance and ordnance stores, equipments and munitions. Agreed to.

Mr. Douglas introduced a resolution, which was agreed to, requiring the President to communicate to the Senate, if not incompatible with the public interest, the number of Mr. Mason's subordinates employed under the late Navy Board consisting of Messrs. Mason, Hunter and Dallas, and the amount of the salaries paid to each.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, moved to take up the bill to grant to the States that the three portions about which no controversy exists, and which are not claimed by any State, and reserving the right of any State claiming the same to institute proceedings for the recovery of the same. Mr. Clay, of Alabama, said that during the discussion of the bill, he had suggested the propriety of the Government of the United States relinquishing to the States within which they lie, the vacant lands within their limits, reserving the right of any State claiming the same to institute proceedings for the recovery of the same. Mr. Clay, of Alabama, said that during the discussion of the bill, he had suggested the propriety of the Government of the United States relinquishing to the States within which they lie, the vacant lands within their limits, reserving the right of any State claiming the same to institute proceedings for the recovery of the same.

Selected Poetry.

VERSES.

BY ELIZA COOK.

"'Tis true is without an enemy you, let him feel rent a stone." John, chap. VIII, v. 7.

Some fair eloquence, then speakest love,
But the world's cracking cannot still thy tone;
Then break, as the cruise of widow's store,
Runs through the battle-field of smile and groan;
Thrice is the trumpet of a simple voice
When saving might has no proud standard bowed;
If sexually power, would the mercy bless!

O such dense shadows fall on "hallowed ground"
Or who hast our knowledge of "the world" to be?

But blest the Christian gem with comfort's bright
'Tis well to ask our Maker to, "forgive
Our trespasses" for 'tis as we may hear
The trespasses of those who breathe and live
Amid the same Temptation, frailty and Clod.
Oh! yes, who point so often to the hard,
Who hurt dark and evil works are all enlisted
Is there no other than unforgiving word,
For minds meanight and spirits sorely yoked?
Are we prone save no hidden vipor hast
Have your own skin if we look through the pane?

To throw from ambush! - let Truth's noonday light
Flash on the triumph that serves on eager wing
Bring pigmy greatness from its great height,
Where would be then the splendor of our vaunts?
Is harsh denouncers! 'tis an easy thing
To wrap yourself was in cunning's specious robes,
And sharpen all the vengeful blades so long,
As though in brief applause for so doing—
But if the checks an and knave were drought,
Some trembling tones would be more slowly tipped.

To, that so fiercely show your warning ire!
At every other lip among us you are
In your own crowd as stainless in its cheek.
That yet you justly the beggar free?
The works of piety—the bold of pride
The dalest pages of a country note—
The cheek and smiling must upon her name
The eye that sparkles but to hide its mate;
Tell me, ye women, could ye not bear the rub,
That bore the silken windings from the grab?

To type, that giver upon a brother's sin.
With much unwilling in the why-and-great speech,
Methinks I've seen the poison fang within,
Betray the viper rather than the lamb.
I've watched the fashion of some gifted one,
Blasted it with prudent doubt and contempt—and
Then laughed the whining cur of vanity tone,
Heard Love's Pity praise the deed.
As if it were a pleasant thing to find
The sin or something and the gaze bound kind.

To prove, to censure, too eagerly to show
Why dost thou so forget the brown mark?
Why not let merry cheer our human—yea?
To try to stem Closer—heed how to be ought:
He did no; good the weeping child of clay.
He bowed no rude upon the stone to save the fly,
Fixed no deeper upon the sinner's way:
And deeply he put upon the sinner's bread:
He heard Man's cry for vengeance but he hung
Man's sustenance at the pot, and backed the tongue

count touching from a greater tree her—if
To breathe alike to misery and joy
No garbled mystery o'ershadows it,
And subdued lies of hearts dungeon owl the page
Curse it upon the mart and temple arch,
Let one wrong judge rend it as they go,
Make it the key-note of Life's grievance march,
And trumping steps will be more rent and sour,
For God's own voice says to the Heaven's Throne,
"Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

Selected Sketch.

THE NEW EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

We are in possession of some interesting details in the history of the lady, who, as is officially announced, was to be united to Louis Napoleon by civil act on the 22nd, and by religious rites on the 29th of last month. These details we have received from a foreign gentleman who is perfectly acquainted with the facts and persons in question; they may be relied on as authentic.

Señorita Eugenia de Teba, or as she is more usually termed, Mlle. de Montijo, is the daughter of a nobleman who belonged to one of the most eminent families of the Spanish aristocracy, that of Palafox, and who distinguished himself in the civil war of 1823, under the title of the Count de Teba. At that period he became acquainted with Miss Maria Kirkpatrick, the dashing and handsome daughter of a Scotch gentleman who held the post of Consul of the United States at Malaga. A love affair and a romantic marriage was the consequence. The new-made Empress is the daughter of the Spanish grandee and Maria Kirkpatrick, who is still living, a widow, and who accompanies her daughter on her present visit to Paris, where she has appeared under the title of Countess de Teba. After the marriage, in 1827, the death of an aged brother conferred upon the Count, along with a score of other titles, that of Montijo, by which name, since her first appearance in fashionable life, the daughter has been principally distinguished. She also inherits a handsome fortune, her independent income being something like $30,000 a year. The father died some years since, leaving two daughters, the elder now nearly, by marriage, the title of Duchess of Alva and Berwick, than which the Spanish nobility can boast neither a more ancient nor more elevated.

For some years the young Countess de Teba or Montijo, who is now about twenty five, has figured at Madrid as the reigning beauty—most highly fascinating. Tall, graceful, of distinguished symmetry of person, with luxuriant auburn or rather red hair, a pale complexion, and a countenance stamped in bold of a little rough, great electrical power of it, there is no doubt, that she is to be famous for black, rather long and aristocratic features, a large but exquisitely sculptured nose, a beautiful mouth, and teeth of dazzling whiteness, she is a type of admirable beauty, which a languid and blase all hardly diminishes. She is familiar with statesmen wit and sport, can speak French, English, Italian and German with as much fluency as Spanish. A great reader, the exercises of strength and address, she rides with the most skilful, and drives fearing hand with the most skilful.

At Madrid it was the habit of our beauties to hold audiences in public opinion as the while might seem her. She used to appear alone in public, driving her own carriage. She had a separate establishment in her mother's palace, inviting and receiving company without consulting her mother, and often refusing to see her on family visitations. Once her mother forced her door, despite the remonstrances of the servant, who protested that the Countess was not to be seen. To her great amazement, she found that her daughter was nursing. For twenty-four hours the young lady did not appear, and when she returned, coolly informed her afflicted parent, who had loudly expressed her fears that there had been an elopement, that she had been away on no romance!

On another occasion, the while token her to pay a special compliment to literature, and her marriage was the door of the house. She was one of the most prominent of living Spanish authors, and for some years since a Minister of the Crown. "Good morning, my dear sir," was her salutation to the astonished literateur—"I have come to breakfast with you, in order to have a talk on literature and poetry." A few weeks later, Queen Christina, with a large number of literary men, artists and actors, at which the Countess was present without her mother or any other lady to chaperone her, was the life of the party, making speeches and giving toasts with the loudest of them. The queen was a thirst-rate French actor, named Lafont'ar, who had had great success in Madrid. He was the Talma of the Spanish stage. She took a fancy to him, and took long conversations with him, to the great scandal of the gossiping coterie. "Well," said the Countess, "my carriage is here, and I will take M. Lafontar to his hotel." This speech, it is said, was little absolved at such a contrast from such a lady; but she paused, and then departed together.

Mlle de Montijo was also a great sportswoman, and very popular, of course, among the horsedom, or bull-fighters. She was present at all the bull-fights at Madrid, and was said to wear the most magnificent costume of a *Majo de Seville*, something like that of Mlle Sata, in the ballet of Faust, at Niblo's, but much more characteristic. A very large and high comb at the top of the head, with a profusion of roses falling each side, mixed with the hair; a profusion of diamonds, necklaces, bracelets and rings; very short and tight waist, cut low in the neck, and with loose arms; a very short skirt, open-worked stockings with clocks embroidered, and very small embroidered slippers. When she appeared in the arena, she was received by all the toreadors, and exchanged with them the most cordial greetings. "To thee, Cruzados de Toba, I dedicate my love and my persons!" they would exclaim, making bows toward the young lady. "Bravo, Asturias! Bravo, Jose! Well fought, my lads," and other words of the most liberal approbation, were the answer. In all such scenes there was a considerable degree of Spanish freedom, which would have been very shocking to the sense of propriety of American ladies.

Like all fast women, our Countess found a certain social establishment difficult to obtain. Once she courted the Duke of Osuna, the richest grandee of Spain, but he declined the honor. Disappointed in this instance, she received the addresses of a young noble of Castile, and was actually engaged to marry him. But she could not help flirting at the same time; and once, when this young man was in her drawing-room, she went so far in her coquetry with another, that the former aspirant for her hand struck a chair and threw it at her head, saying, with the most opprobrious epithets, that he would not marry her for the world. The insult was resented by the last object of her attentions, and two or three duels were the consequences. The result of all these affairs was a general outcry, and at all these scandals, and of others quite as notorious, was, that it would have been little less than impossible for Mlle de Montijo to marry a gentleman of her own rank in Spain.

For three or four years past, Mlle de Montijo has been wont to spend the winter in Paris, where her conduct has been much more circumspect than at Madrid. Still, she has never gained an entree into the aristocratic circle of the Faubourg St. Germain. But she was compensated for this exclusion by the cordiality with which she was received at the Tuileries, and by the profound impression she made upon its master. From the first, she captivated Louis Napoleon with an ardent passion, which justified her resolution to become his wife, and share the glorious destiny that is now opening out to her. In accordance with this determination, she studiously rejected other proposals of marriage; to their magnificence. It was currently reported at Paris, a few months ago, that her reply to his protestations of love had been: "Prince, I am of too good a family to be your mistress," and, if the saying be not exactly true in fact, there is no doubt that it is so in spirit. Latterly the attentions of the lover have increased in zeal, and the gentleness of the lady in his eyes has been more marked than ever. She was the heroine of every festival; during the recent excursion of the Emperor to Compiegne, she was its head, as the bright, particular star of the imperial constellation, and there is every reason to those who predicted her marriage with Napoleon. Still, the lover hesitated. He adored, he worshipped, yet he didn't come up to the mark. But the Countess was not discouraged. She is not a lady to sit down with a sigh at such an emergency. She announced the approaching departure of herself and her mother for Madrid. Then, at last, the spell was broken, and the lover, the impetuous lover, the ardent lover, the appointment of the day, the accumulation in the Minister, and the world that the Countess was to be his wife, and no doubt ere this the house of Madrid, and the grand. daughter of the former U. S. Consul at Malaga, has become EUGENIA, Empress of the French. Any one who knows the character of the lady would be elevated to a throne, after the fashion of the famous proclivities of the negress to Jonathan, would be prepared for the event. The letter will complete the parallel between the wives of the two Napoleons.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

BY FANNY FERN.

Men's Rights! Women's Rights! I threw down the gauntlet for *Children's Rights!* Low, little pets; Fanny Fern's about to "talk" notice." Yes, I am. Every blessed little darling of you dare. She has seen you seated by a pleasant window, in a railroad car, with your bright eyes dancing with delight, at the green fields all the pretty things you were going to see, forcibly ejected by some strong-minded Napoleon, who carried your place, and thought in his wisdom, that children had no taste for anything but sugar candy. Fanny Fern knew better. She knew that the pretty trees, and flowers, and bright blue sky of roses your little souls thirsted for delight, though you could not tell why; and she knew that great big man's soul was a great deal smaller than yours, to sit there and read a stupid political paper, when such a glowing panorama was before him. She no might have descended into your ears. And she longed to say away the big tear that you didn't dare so let fall; and she understood how a little fright or boy that didn't get a ride every day in the year should not be quite able to swallow that great long lump in the throat, as he or she turned down in a dark crowded corner of the car, instead of sitting by that pleasant window.

Yes, and Fanny has seen you sometimes, when you've been stuffed up to the tip of your little nose, by swollen wrigglers, in the close, crowded church, nodding your little drowsy heads, and longing to run out in the fresh air, and stretch the of some pompous theologian, whose preaching would have been high Dutch to you, had you been old enough.

And she has seen you sitting like little statues, in a new-fledged carriage, with your nervous little toes at just such an angle, for hours; under the tuition of a Miss Nancy Nippy, who didn't care a button whether your spine was as crooked as the letter S, or not. Fanny has seen you, I say, when marched in once a month to make the "grand tour," voted her a "model school-ma'am."

Yes, and she can't sit still. She has seen you in car after car, and in church after church, next to Wheeling, in 1841. His establishment was the largest of the kind in the country, and employs a capital of $20,000, and Mr. G. manufactures about $15,000 worth of silks, per annum. He is a thorough business man, and by no means a bad one, but can only keep his hands in operation about three months of the year. Mr. G. is a native of Lyons, and is probably the only person in this country in the morus multicaulis speculation, which has proved so disastrous with the business. He regards the morus multicaulis as worthless. The white mulberry is the only tree that will answer the purpose, and it is hardly and of rapid growth. Mr. G. says that if the Farmers of this country will plant out a few for raising cocoons, and the labor can be performed by women and children to six weeks. The cocoons do not need artificial heat. We call attention to the extraordinary attention in the Ohio Valley climate. The quantity of rain which falls there is an inexhaustible and Mr. G., who is an enterprising gentleman of great wealth, is resolved to introduce the manufacture of silk on a large scale. He offers to give, if possible, to induce a more general attention to the subject, to furnish trees at cost, and should become independent of Europe in silk fabrics.

Mr. Gill has thoroughly tested the capacity of the United States to produce and manufacture silk, and has no doubt of success when circumstances shall be more favorable. He has established a depot in Cincinnati, and at the New York Cotton House the cloths are exhibited for sale. Specimens of his fabrics were shown there were of American growth and Wheeling manufacture, but he could not believe it. He had visited the Silk Factory and had seen the cocoons and the silk reeled. The goods were mixed, but on proper evidence Mr. Corwin ordered them.

AGRICULTURE CONSIDERATION OF RUSH.—Dr. Cumming, in his *Apocalyptic Sketches*, and many other writers, have supposed that the consideration of some parts of the Apocalypse, that Rome will be destroyed by fire from heaven, or by some other mode of destruction, and that she will with destruction by volcanoes, as the valley of Herculaneum was destroyed by the eruption of its crimes. I am unwilling to deduce any argument of the kind from the prophecies which are symbolical. I believe that the destruction of Rome, near Rome, and through the whole Papacy, will be by the spirit of truth, by the most astounding proofs, not merely of the practicability, but of the extending practicality, that the Bible is a revelation from God. It will be done under such a catastrophe. The soil of Rome will not be shaken by volcanic origin of the sulphur, which we found to be most disagreeable, must be the result of volcanic action, and not found on the Appian Way. In Naples, the boiling sulphur is seen bubbling near the surface of the ground. The fire, which will be upon the ground, the sulphureous smoke following the intoxication; and it would occur without one to hear of the utter destruction of the entire peninsula of Italy.—*Townsend's Journal of Law.*

ARRIVAL OF RETIRE CHARTS.—It is related of the learned Ex-Senator, that when he first opened his law office he mounted upon to draw a bond of Conveyance of Real Estate, and that when the document was handed to the Register's Office, out one of all the contracted copies that could be found to decipher it, and it was sent back in hopelessly illegible. upon which the young lawyer coolly expressed his astonishment at the people should choose a Register of Deeds who couldn't read writing."—*Lacrosse.*

DUELLISTS AND DUELLING.

Count Rizo was the best sweetheart of the day, and had fought many duels. The last affair was with a Frenchman in Paris, who, aware of Rizo's "game," resolved to get his skill at nought by subtle means. When in presence of an adversary, Count Rizo, who was as cool as a cucumber, had the habit of making the fencing adieu before engaging. The Frenchman in question, only two years ago, in a duel in which he was killed in a duel afterwards by a Count who never fired a shot. In that age of duelling in Europe such affairs were generally managed in good faith and loyalty; but as in matters of gambling, the exceptions occasionally occasionally. One of them recurs to my memory, in which the treacherous assassination was also a Frenchman. Among the crowd of fatterers by whom the reigning prima donna of Paris (several years ago) is usually surrounded, were a Frenchman, whose name I suppress, and Mr. John Geoghegan, a native of Connaught, county of Westmeath, Ireland, who from his dashing character was called "Jack the Rake." The Frenchman had addressed the lady's love in the saloon of Convent Garden Theatre one night. The Franco-Iman challenged Geoghegan, who had used some violence towards him; the challenge was accepted; and both parties met at the usual place of duel, the period they agreed to meet at the portion of St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, immediately after the play. They then separated; Geoghegan re-entered the house, and the Frenchman went home. In the appointed hour Geoghegan entered the field records, and assigned. Presently a hackney coach drove up to the ground, and the Frenchman alighted. Instead of entering it, his sword broke on the breast of his antagonist, who keenly ran him through the body. In falling, Geoghegan grappled with him, was unable to hold him. With the stamp of his sword, however, he seized him down the back, bore leaving the sword in the Frenchman's body. He gone home and put on a "prudence," sending the lady regular bill of paper to the effect that he was dead. The charge proved well-founded, and Jack the Rake, after a few months from the wound was kicked out of the room, and the lady's love. He was the hero of many subsequent years, there existed in Dublin a public garden, the resort of the fashionable world, called after Geoghegan's exploit Geoghegan. In that year there arrived in Dublin, on a visit to his family, a young officer of a cavalry regiment in the Austrian service. Walking one day in the garden of Marlborough Green, he observed a gentleman, with a gentleman passed in uniform, whose spur caught the gown of one of the ladies, and tore it. The officer apologized, and each party continued their promenade. When they met again, a similar occurrence took place. But on the night have occurred between the parties. And she longed to say away the big tear that you didn't dare so let fall; and she understood how a little fright or boy that didn't get a ride every day in the year should not be quite able to swallow that great long lump in the throat, as he or she turned down in a dark crowded corner of the car, instead of sitting by that pleasant window.

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Our Picture Gallery.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Wit and Humor.

ANECDOTE.—A gentleman told me an anecdote, the other day, which we think is too good to be lost. He said that a rich old fellow who used to live in the neighborhood of Number Nine, used to keep a carriage and a pair of horses for his daughters' exclusive benefit, and, as a matter of course, the young ladies used to make good use of them; scarcely a day passing but some leader had either lamed the thing for or coming from Natchez. The old man, to the great annoyance of his daughters, was very close in matters of money. The horses began to look thin—so thin that one would have supposed that the only provender was barrel keeper, shavings, or something similar. One day the old gentleman was standing in front of one of the principal hotels in Natchez, when his carriage rolled past, and his horses were made the subject of remarks. "Why, that old gentleman said he could not account for their being so poor, as he was certain they had corn in the power to make them look decent, and had tried almost everything, but the confounded horses that would *fatten*."

"Mosnic," said a raw Irishman, giving the old gentleman a quizzical leer, "did ye live on corn?"

OUTRAGE!—During a concert at the Music Hall, the other night, a reckless individual in the upper gallery, in his humor we did not ascertain, allowed his bill of the concert to slip through his fingers, which, falling below, by the rule of gravitation, fell upon the head of a gentleman above 70 years of age, as having occurred in his youth. At the time thereafter he had not been handed in to the supper table by any young lady, but was most excellently well regaled with hot gruel and gruel, and fondness for joking, thought that he wished to signalize his own marriage by gratifying himself with some of the gentlemen of England, had a good share of the puppy in his composition. Thinking to quiz an old lady, he said:

"You are acquainted with the Americans, I believe, ma'am?"

"Very well."

"A monstrously vulgar people, isn't they?"

"Yes, I have found many of them so, and consider that they descended from the English!"

"Why, ma'am, if you were to see the Spaniards, we might look for some good breeding from them."

The gentleman did not venture to tread on Mrs. Patterson's toes again that evening.

LEGAL ABSURDITY.—In the heat of an Augusta (Ga.) Court, a witness, who is said to be a man who is somewhat energetic in speaking, was "summing up" with his usual zeal on behalf of his employer, when he was met by the cross-examination of the opposing counsel, which was carried on thus:

"Mr. Witness, you say you are married?"

"I am."

"Is your wife living?"

"She is."

"Is she present?"

"She is."

"Point her out, if you please."

"That is she, sitting by the window."